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OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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On Women and China-Ware, as compositions of Clay.

A MODERN traveller informs us, that "the fine China-ware, and fine women that abound in Saxony, are formed of the finest clay in Germany." Hence it appears that women and China ware are made of the same materials. Taken in a comparative point of view, the fabrications of both these kinds of compositions have properties common to the two, and are equally liable to injuries, if not guarded and preserved with vigilance and caution.

China and women, when they come out of the hands of the potter, are fair, pure, and perfect. The lily and the rose contribute their aid to each, to render their complexions beautiful. While either of them are without flaw, they are truly and intrinsically valuable; but the slightest blemish is absolute destruction to them; a single separate article (even a cup or saucer) if it receives a wound or fracture, not only loses its own consequence, but ruins all its associates: the whole set, of which it is an unworthy member, becomes broken and incomplete by the disaster. So if a woman formed of the same brittle porcelain, heedlessly receives a blemish in her honour, her whole set of perfections or accomplishments may be said to be demolished; beauty, youth, sincerity, generosity, charity, and even repentance, are then of little worth.

Though we have mentioned the women as a composition of clay, we shall not suppress a civiler expression on the same subject of a very celebrated writer: "If the human race is formed of clay, the women are the *porcelain*." Man therefore, being made of the rough materials is not so much exposed to injury as the polished surface and high finished figure of the female: it should also be observed, that blemishes are not so easily discoverable in a coarse production; and when they are discovered, the value is only diminished, not destroyed. In the baser manufacture, a little joining or rivetting may be admitted; in that of the delicate kind, all attempts to mend it would tend to its destruction.

On so brittle a subject, it may be dangerous to dwell longer; let man, as the stronger vessel, contribute all in his power to guard the weaker, so shall grateful smiles render his life happy; and both parties enjoy mutual blessedness till summoned to their kindred clay.

HYMN ON THE RESURRECTION.

I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again, and it sprung forth afresh, the stem was crowned with new buds, and the sweetness thereof filled the air.

I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon; there was no colour, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked; the sun broke forth again from the east, and gilded the mountain tops, the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

I have seen the insect, being come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat; it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded in the silken cone; it lay without feet or shape, or power to move. I looked again, it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on coloured wings through the soft air; it rejoiced at its new being.

Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed.

Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust.

A little while shalt thou lie on the ground, as the seed lieth in the bosom of the earth: but thou shalt be raised again; and if thou art good, thou shalt never die any more.

Who is he that cometh to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed from the four winds of heaven?

He descendeth on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goeth before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand. It is Jesus the son of God; the saviour of men; the friend of the good! He cometh in the glory of his father; he hath received power from on high! Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler that laid waste the works of God, is subdued: Jesus hath conquered death. Child of immortality, mourn no longer!

SENTIMENT BY LAVATER.

Who censures with modesty, will praise with sincerity.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS;
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALMIERE.

Translated from the French.

I WORE not always the black round wig in which you see me, nor was I always subject to that absence of mind, with which, at present, I am reproached. In my infancy I was very pretty, at least according to my mother, who pretended I was *too pretty* for a boy; I own, nobody else ever reproached me with this fault. Be that as it will, I was an only child, and my mother, who had reflected but little on education, humoured and spoiled me, in so much, that at nine years old, I was one of the most forward, mischievous little boys you have ever seen. I was idle, headstrong, turbulent, and teasing; I asked a thousand questions, and never listened to an answer. I would neither learn any thing, nor do any thing, except keep tattooing my drum, and whistling my fife. No tutor would stay with me half a year; and as I had already driven away three Abbés, my mother at last consented to send me to college.

I was then in my eleventh year, and wept much at leaving my home and my parents; for, notwithstanding my follies and tricks, I had a good heart. When I came to school, however, I was not very sorry to see myself in a fine house, and surrounded by boys, who all seemed full of mirth and play; for, as it happened, I arrived just at the time when school hours were over. I began to run and jump, and told those who brought me, I was sure I should like school exceedingly well.

I immediately conceived a friendship for a young scholar, named Sinclair, about two years older than I, and who won my heart by his open and lively temper; though I must tell you he was as rational and well informed, for his age, as I was ignorant and unthinking. The next morning I found a strange alteration in the house. I was to take my seat, and undergo an examination to know which class I belonged to, when it was discovered I could hardly spell: immediately a general hue and cry was excited through the school; and a little boy, not ten years old, who was next me, laughed so heartily, and appeared to me so impertinent, that I could not forbear giving him a hearty box on the ear, which knocked him off his seat.

In vain did I struggle and scold: I was seized, taken ignominiously from my place, and dragged out of school. As I passed by Sinclair, he cast a look so expressive of tenderness and pity upon me, that in spite of my passion, I found myself affected.

They took me into a dark chamber, shut me up, and declared I should stay there eight days with nothing but soup, bread, and water to live upon; after which they left me to reflect at leisure upon the crime of knocking my school-fellow down.

By groping round the room, I discovered it was matted all over, and tolerably large; I then began to walk about without much apprehension of hurting myself, and to turn in my mind all the circumstances of my misfortune. I felt myself deeply degraded, and heartily repented I

had not profitted better by the lessons of the three Abbés I had driven from me. Oh, my mother! cried I, were you but here, you would not suffer me to be treated with all this rigour. And yet, had you but permitted my first master, or my second, or even my third, to inflict some gentle punishment upon me, as they desired, I should have known how to read; then, perhaps, I should not have been so apt to strike, nor have now been in a dark chamber.

In the midst of these sorrowful reflections I remembered the look of Sinclair; I thought I saw him still, and the supposition touched me: and yet, what most vexed me was, that he had been a witness of my humiliation, my passion, and my punishment. I thought he would despise me, and that idea was insupportable.

While I was thus mournfully musing, I heard my door open suddenly, and saw Sinclair appear with a lanthorn in his hand. I threw myself upon his neck, and wept with joy at the sight. Come, said he, follow me, your pardon is granted.

My pardon! I am indebted to you for it! I'm sure I am! It gives me pleasure to think it was granted to your intercession.

They only require you to make an apology to him you have offended.

Make an apology! What, to that little scoffer! no!—

He was wrong to scoff you, I own, he was guilty of ill manners: but you were deficient in reason and humanity.

O, I have done him no great injury.

Because you had not the power;—and yet his arm is black with the fall.

His arm black! What! and has he shewed it then?

The master insisted upon seeing it.

He should not have consented? He ought not to have complained! He has proved himself of a mean, cowardly temper, and I will never ask pardon of a coward.

His character is not now the question. You have committed a fault of a serious nature, and you ought to make what reparation you can.

I would rather remain where I am than disgrace myself.

Pray tell me, what do you understand by disgracing yourself?

This question disconcerted me; I knew not what to answer, and Sinclair went on.

To disgrace yourself, is to draw down some merited censure, or punishment; to act against your conscience; that is, contrary to truth and justice. In asking pardon of one you have wronged you will do an equitable act; and equity is not disgrace.

But they may suppose I ask pardon only for fear of remaining in confinement.

And if they should, that will not disgrace you; since censure, as I have said, must be merited before it can be disgraceful. I propose a reparation strictly conformable to justice and good breeding, and I should be sorry for him who should foolishly suppose such an act deserving of

censure: the ridicule he would cast upon you would fall upon himself, in the eyes of all rational people; and it is the opinion only of such that is worthy notice.

Well, well—lead me where you please, I will do whatever you desire.

Sinclair then embraced me, led me from the dark chamber, and, after a proper apology, I was pardoned; but it was not long before I incurred fresh penance. Idle, unthinking, noisy, and apt to wrangle, I soon drew down the aversion of all the masters, and many school-fellows; and had it not been for the protection and firm friendship of Sinclair, who was the most distinguished and best beloved of all the scholars, I should certainly have been sent home in disgrace before the end of the year.

Two years past away, much in the same manner; at the end of which time Sinclair left college, and went into the army. Soon after I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and this completed my affliction; I wept and remembered I had been a continual subject of vexation to her. Alas! said I, did she bless me with her parting breath? could she pray for an ungrateful child, who might have been her comfort, but who was her tormentor? What dreadful remorse must I endure! To her I owe my life; she bred, she cherished, she loved me! and what have I done for her!—Oh my dear mother, is it then denied me to repair my wrongs? My mother! I have no mother! She is snatched from me! The sweet consolation of making her happy is forever lost!

My grief became fixed, it preyed upon my mind, and I fell into a kind of consumption, which put my life in danger. Dorival, my uncle and guardian, took me from college, and went with me to his country house in Franche Comté. He travelled with me all through that fine province, in order to divert my melancholy. After remaining here three years, being then seventeen, I went into the army.

I had continued my studies under the eye of my uncle; but, not having a habit of industry, I made little progress; and to learn seemed to me the most tiresome thing in the world. My temper and understanding were equally uncultivated; and what were called pranks and pettishness in childhood, became the torments of my life. I was hasty and passionate, even to violence; and in these ridiculous fits of anger I was absolutely half insane; I stuttered, said a thousand extravagant and highly improper things, and was in fact capable of being hurried away into the most shameful excesses.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A FRAGMENT.

**** THE vessel had anchored in the bay, and LAVINIA was impatient to get on shore; her friends, she knew, were expecting her. ALBERT, a passenger in the same vessel with Lavinia, an amiable character, immediately stepped forth to assist her. He got first in the boat to receive the fair-one as she descended—Oh! how are our

dearest expectations crossed—What we often fondly picture as within our grasp, is in a moment hurled from our reach—So it was; cruel fate had decreed that Lavinia should no more behold her friends in this world—As she was proceeding down the ladder, she missed a step—if the boat had received her, all had yet been well—but she was to combat with the waves—She instantly disappeared—The generous youth did not hesitate; he plunged after her—and they both were never seen more.

Unfortunate Albert—he was on the eve of caressing a fond, an aged father, that lived only for his sake. Mr. Saddington greatly loved his son, and well he might, for he was the only one that relentless death had hitherto spared—The others, that tyrant of the human race had long since levelled with the dust—But Albert had nobly fallen.

The father of Albert had got together his friends, to greet his son on his arrival. Albert had sent word that he would dine there—They were all assembled, waiting his coming. To beguile the leaden moments, Mr. Saddington desired his brother to read for the company in some of the books then lying on the table. He took up one, several pages of the beginning were wanting. It was an old romance—he began:—

“*** Unaccountable as you may think it—it is no less true—I proceeded on my way through the cavern, and ascended several steps. A light glimmered before me—I found it proceeded from a room, the door of which was nearly closed. I stopped to observe whether the person I had followed into this subterraneous abode, had got in here. Through the opening of the door I saw a table, on which stood a lamp, dying away for want of oil. A person was leaning on one end of the table, resting his head on his hand—The lamp fluted, dwindled away—and again the flame brightened up. The person raised his eyes from the floor—eyes did I say!—No—he raised his head, and I beheld—a spectre—my frame tottered—and I fell senseless in the room—”

Here a knocking at the door, hindered the reader from going on—A servant entered with a letter, which he said was brought from the vessel. Mr. Saddington desired his brother to read it to the company, that they all might be acquainted with the cause of Albert's delay—

“Sir,

“The disagreeable office devolves upon me, of informing you, that your son the amiable Albert, is no more—he perished within these few minutes, in attempting to rescue a young lady from the water.

“Your's, &c.”

The attention of the company was now called to Mr. Saddington, who, while his brother was reading the Capt's letter, had fallen from his seat—They used every means to recover him—After some minutes he opened his eyes—but seemed to have totally forgotten every one around him. A physician was immediately sent for—Before he arrived his last sigh had escaped him.

L. B.

NEW-YORK, May 6, 1796.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*JA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 350.)

"V ESPERS being finished, we sent our respects to the Abbess, desiring to be admitted. She received us in the parlour; a fine woman, not above forty. The silent grief which was visible in her large blue eyes, was softened by an amiable smile upon her lips. Dignity and modesty were joined in her deportment. When my brother told her who I was, she welcomed me in a most engaging manner. On her question, what had brought the reverend fathers to her cloister? my brother delivered his letter.—The looks which she stole at my brother, while reading it, did not escape me. When she had perused it, he told her he had another letter to deliver to Seraphine Albatrossi; however the Abbess begged to defer it till next morning, because the rules of the order allow not to speak to a nun after vesper.

"We had already taken leave, when my brother addressed the abbess once more. 'Reverend Lady,' said he, 'I have been struggling during vesper, with a doubt which has been raised by the voice of one of the choiristers. Has not a young lady of the name of Amelia been received in your order some months ago?' 'I know the name of all the nuns, (was her reply) however, I assure you, none of that name has been received.'—'How could I ask such a foolish question,' my brother resumed, 'I could have known that a lady whom I saw buried, cannot be in a nunnery.—But why must I hear that voice which almost has turned my brains?' The Abbess smiled in a most significant manner, and we left her.

"The next morning I observed, on our way to the cloister, a man whose carriage and dress resembled in a striking manner those of the stranger whom I had seen at the theatre, stepping in great haste out of the gate, and turning round a corner. However, the distance being too great to discern his features, I could not be sure whether I was not mistaken. So much, however, is certain, that I took this accident for a favourable omen, which raised my drooping spirits, although I could not foresee the possibility of a happy catastrophe.

"Being arrived at the cloister, we were shewn into the parlour. The Abbess entered.—'You wish to speak to Seraphine Albatrossi?' said she to my brother, 'you shall see her,' and retired. After a few moments she returned with a nun, whose face was covered with a veil. My brother was going to deliver the letter, when, on a signal of the Abbess, she removed the veil, and my brother lay fainting in my arms.

"O poverty of human language! thou art never felt more lively, than when one wants to paint scenes of such a nature. I should torment myself in vain if I were to give you, by words, an idea of the sensations

"which rushed upon me, when I beheld the face of the nun. Conclude what must have been the feelings of my brother when he saw—his *Amelia*, whom he had lamented as dead. Even when he had recovered from his swoon, I observed by his looks, his motions, and his faltering accents, that he fancied the whole scene to be a delusion of his imagination or a second apparition. He was on the point of having a second fainting fit, when the Abbess led Amelia to his arms, and thus convinced him of the reality of her person.

"Father Eugene and Domina were so kind as to retire, and to suffer me to be the sole witness of the first emotions of the happy couple. But how was my brother seized with terror and astonishment, when he was scornfully repelled by Amelia, whom he was going to press to his panting bosom! 'Stand off, perfidious man?' she said, 'are you come to mock me?' My brother was rivetted to the floor, speechless, and with the wild looks of a poor wretch who has dreamed he was the happiest man living, and when awaking, finds himself in a noisome dungeon. Seeing himself almost petrified, and unable to utter a syllable, I said, 'I beg your pardon, my Lady, for meddling with your concerns: however, it cannot be indifferent to hear my brother called a villain. Who has dared to instil that fatal suspicion in your heart?' 'Would to God?' she replied, 'it were nothing but mere suspicion! would I wear this veil if I had not the most convincing proofs of his perfidy?' So saying, she threw herself on a chair, and covered her face again to hide her flowing tears. This sight restored my brother at once to life, and the power of utterance. 'O! Amelia!' he exclaimed, 'would I appear before you in this garment, if I really was a perfidious villain. Yet, before I exculpate myself on that head, answer me only one question. By what miracle are you come to this cloister, you whom I have seen in the coffin, and at whose tomb I have shed so many torrents of burning tears?' Amelia gazed at him with looks which seemed to say: art thou mad, or going to mock me? Her astonishment rose to the highest degree when he resumed: 'Alas! how have I deserved these scornful looks, and that contemptuous silence? Have I not literally executed the last command you pronounced in the coffin? is not this garment which I wear, an incontestible proof of my obedience?'—'What do you mean by death and coffin?' Amelia replied, still mistaking his speech for the language of insanity, 'when have I ever given you a command to that purpose?' 'The night before you was buried.' At the same time he mentioned the month and day when this had happened. 'The night of which you are speaking, is the same in which I entered these cloistered walls. Do you call taking the veil to die?' 'As sure as I am alive (my brother exclaimed) I saw you really in the coffin, followed your funeral to the chapel of the Carmelites, where you have been entombed.' 'My God! this is too much!' exclaimed Amelia, when father Eugene entered the parlour with the Abbess.

"Children!" said the latter, "you will never come to an eclaireissement while you are destitute of the key to your history. Both of you have been imposed upon in a most villainous manner. Have patience only a few days, when the mystery shall be unfolded, and the most complete satisfaction given to you."

"The confirmation of my brother's innocence, pronounced by the Abbess, and the letter from the Provincial, were sufficient to reconcile Amelia to her lover.—The consequence of it was, that both of them left their respective order, and were married five days after."

"God be praised! indeed Count you have alarmed me very much on account of that couple."

"The affair does not end here. The marriage ceremony was performed, at night, at the castle of Baron Perpignan, a relation to father Eugene. The father had just pronounced the marriage benediction, and the happy couple were yet standing at the altar, when the folding doors of the chapel were flung open, and Amelia's mother and brother appeared on the threshold. A momentary astonishment ensued on both sides. Charles recovered his speech first, roaring, "treachery! treachery!" however, a look of the father sealed his lips. Father Eugene having requested the witnesses who had signed the marriage contract to retire for a few minutes, he stepped forth with awful solemnity, and said; "I have summoned you hither, partly in order to witness a union which all your infernal machinations could not prevent, and partly to force you to a confession of the villainous tricks which you have played this injured couple, and to atone for the wrongs they have suffered from your malice. If you don't comply instantly with these just demands, I shall find means to oblige you to do it in a manner which will make you repent your obstinacy. As soon as Amelia's mother and brother heard this energetic language, they submitted and made the following confession:

"Charles had planned the design not only to make a breach between Amelia and my brother Ferdinand, but also to shut the former up in a cloister, without the knowledge of the latter, in order to prevent the possibility of a reconciliation. The execution of this plan promised him the additional advantage to get possession of her paternal inheritance—a circumstance which was the principal view which had prompted him to perpetrate that infernal deed, because the fortune his father had left him was insufficient to defray the expenses of his licentious manner of living. Charles was beloved by Lucy, and consequently found it not difficult to draw her into the plot which he had formed with his mother against the unhappy couple. She consented with so much the less reluctance to lend her assistance to those wretches, because Charles had represented my brother to her as a very disadvantageous party for his sister, and promised to marry Lucy if she would join them in the execution of their design.

"The means which were employed for accomplishing their artful plan, I have already acquainted you with at large; they were the same which were made use of (as my brother had been persuaded) to deceive Amelia's mother. The snare was laid in such a manner, that my brother could not well escape it. The acquaintance which he made with Lucy at chapel, was the first deciding step to his ruin. Charles represented their connection to his sister as the effect of a conquest which Lucy's charms had gained over Ferdinand's heart. Amelia laughed at it at first; but Lucy who confirmed his assertion, invented every day so many plausible lies, that Amelia's heart at length became the wrestling place of jealousy, and the whole terrible train of that infernal monster."

"But how could Amelia in that situation write to your brother, that he should do every thing that Lucy, her rival, should desire?"

"The note was forged, Charles having imitated the hand of his sister."

"I comprehend you; go on if you please."

"Amelia had been tormented, as yet, by the bare possibility of Ferdinand's perfidy; however, the possibility attained the highest degree of probability, when she saw Lucy pass her window in triumph on Ferdinand's arm. But having witnessed the scene which was acted at Lucy's house, the probability of Ferdinand's infidelity was raised to the most indubitable certainty; the consequence of which was a fainting fit, and the profoundest contempt for my brother. Charles had waited with impatience for this crisis, and took advantage of Amelia's lamentable situation, to persuade her to take the veil. He succeeded without difficulty; and she consented with a melancholy pleasure to leave a world which had no longer any charms for her. However, the villain was not satisfied with seeing his sister immured in a cloister! although he had taken the greatest precaution to render her reception as secret as possible, by persuading her to assume a fictitious name, yet he did not think himself sufficiently secure against Ferdinand's searches. In order to prevent for ever any investigation, he gave out that she had died. To confirm my brother still more in that persuasion, he announced her death one evening, by the groans which Ferdinand had heard before his door, and acted in the night when she was carried to the cloister, the part of the dead Amelia. You are astonished, You gaze at me with doubtful looks. Yet this was really the case. Charles had watched the time when my brother's servant was out of the house, stole softly to his door, and imitating the voice of his sister, pronounced the name Ferdinand: in a doleful accent, opened the door, and made his escape.—"

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

A Soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 351.)

"A SAD presentiment filled my heart, and I burst into tears. 'Ah! my child (said I,) did you know the feelings of a parent, you would not thus crush them by anticipating such an event as your death. — Providence forbid that it should take place prior to mine?' 'And wherefore (demanded she calmly) would you wish me to survive you—would not the uncertainty of my future mode of life embitter your last moments? would you not be apt to say, as the torpors of death stole upon your limbs, 'what will become of thee my child—thine inexperienced and unsuspecting youth, but illy calculate thee for the new scenes through which thou art to pass—and alas! thou hast no parent—no guide.'——No, my pappa when you perform for me the last sad office that weeping affection can offer—shed not a single tear of regret upon my clay—but rather console yourself with the reflection, that you have seen your only child descend blameless to the tomb.'

"An hour previous to the departure of Julius, he led me to the garden, and there, with the most profound seriousness and diffidence, declared to me that Louisa possessed his warmest affection, and intreated me to favour his passion, and if possible keep my girl disengaged. 'I must quit you immediately (said he), and it is probable many months may elapse before I return to this delightful forest—yet every hour of absence shall be crowned with the idea of my enchanting Louisa, and the sweet hope of again seeing her shall alone cherish life—yet, conceal these my sentiments from her—if you value my happiness or her's you will do it; tell her I am her friend, but say not that I love—time will divulge my motive for this singular secrecy.' These were the expressions of Cuthbert; and with these expressions would I have soothed the sinking spirits of my daughter, regardless of his injunctions, had not her narrative of the miniature prevented me; but that confounded me, and at once closed every avenue to consolation—

The steps of time, brightening in the sun of May, again brought on the hours of glee, that called the expectant rustic from his humble hamlet to renew his unambitious cares—to lead his fleecy dependants to fields gay with young verdure, and to streams that burst rejoicing from the cold fetters of winter; that bade the sod teem with blooming fragrance, and the winged tenants of the wilderness cheer solitude with their melody. But I only amid the exulting offspring of nature, heard not the call—I was enwrapped in my griefs, for the fairest work of creation, my precious bud was fading, ere it had attained half its excellence.

"Early one morning, as I was preparing to visit Louisa, who was confined to her bed, the young man who had attended Julius, hastily entered my chamber; 'I bring

"you a letter (said he) from Mr. Cuthbert, he will be here in a couple of days.' The letter was directed to Louisa, and fearing that it might contain something that would distress her, I opened it, and to my great joy found it replete with the most ardent expressions of love.—'I shall not see him (said she, after perusing it) my lamp will not hold out till then—could I but have had one last look—yet let me be content—I am beloved by Julius, and let that be sufficient—tell him so Papa, and (drawing his picture from her bosom) give him this, and say that it has been the loved companion of all my solitary hours ever since I first possessed it;—yes, tell Julius how I love him!' A visible change instantly took place, she was sensible of it, and after bidding the family a tender adieu, called for her crucifix, and spent some little time in devout petitions, then reclining her face upon my bosom, she expired with a gentle sigh.

ANNA,

(To be continued.)

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO ETHICUS.

NEW-YORK, May 5, 1796.

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely delighted in hearing that you are returned to the metropolis from your rural excursion; your letter has been a cordial to my desponding spirits; during your absence my hours have truly been embittered with sorrow.—I have lost her—O, my friend, sympathize with me—The amiable Clarissa, so late the pride of her parents, and the admiration of all who knew her, is now no more—These eyes beheld her stretched on the bed of death, and these ears heard her last sigh. I watched her—sleepless were my nights—I sincerely loved the beauteous maid, and I hoped, yes, fondly wished that the all-wise disposer of events would in his mercy spare her youth. But Oh! deaf to my entreaties, death, who rules with such despotic sway, "levelled her with the tenants of the sod"—What a lesson this to the gay and the volatile, and how it calls upon them to be in readiness. The flower is often nipped in the bud, and they too may share Clarissa's fate; they too may be forced from their dearest pleasures in an hour that they think not of.

But a week since, and Clara was the pride of the ball-room; and now, she is food for worms. What a contrast! the all-accomplished Clarissa summoned out of time and not yet counted seventeen years. It is even so; Oh, withhold not the sympathetic tear, but let it fall over her ashes without restraint, for she was truly amiable; perfection's self; her crimsoned cheeks outvied the blushes of the morn.

What a change did one short week produce! when of her I took my last farewell, and when her burning lips pronounced—"Adieu." How I was amazed to behold the ravages sickness had made on her delicate frame—I could scarcely think that it was she, but the well known voice of "Farewell, my beloved Melpo-

menus; we shall not meet again!" soon removed my doubts; The fight was too much, I grasped her hand, and imprinted a kiss on her burning cheek---My senses forsook me, and before I recovered, Clarissa's spirit had taken its everlasting flight.

Comfort I no longer experience; with Clarissa have fled all my joys---Ah! Ethicus, if you could mitigate a mortal's sorrows, be assured that no one has more need of consolation than your melancholy friend

MELPOMENUS.

TOLERATION. AN ANECDOTE.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A Late dignitary of the established church was once chaplain of a British factory. A protestant, who belonged to it, happening to die at a village a few miles distant, his friends, on account of his difference in the faith, found every argument with the parish priest, to permit his interment, of no weight. The chaplain of the factory waited upon him in person, and after mentioning his quality and his business, related the following circumstance: "When I was a curate in London, I was interring a corpse on Sunday afternoon, and had not gone half through the ceremony, when a woman, pressing through the crowd, pulled me by the sleeve, 'Sir,' said she, 'I must speak to you!'—'Speak to me, woman!' said I, 'you must stay till I have finished the ceremony.'—'No, Sir,' replied she, 'you must hear me immediately. Do you not know that you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox by the side of my poor husband who never had it?' The priest felt the force of the anecdote, and immediately consented to the interment.

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. MR. WESLEY.

IN the course of his voyage to America, Mr. Wesley hearing an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, (the Governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed) stepped in to enquire the cause of it; on which the General immediately addressed him: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear; you know the only wine I drink, is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me the best of any; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villian, Grimaldi," (his foreign servant who was present and almost dead with fear) "has drank up the whole of it; but I will be revenged of him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man of war, which sails with us, the rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope; fir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "you never sin."—The General was quite confounded at the reproof, and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "there villian, take my keys, and behave better for the future."

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. JOHN CHILDS, to Miss CHARLOTTE B. TURNER, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. at Jamaica, Long-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Kettletas, Mr. WILLIAM WRIGHT, of Flushing, to Miss JANE BELL, of New-York.

On Sunday evening, the 24th ult. at Elizabeth-Town, by the Rev. Uzal Ogden, Mr. ROBINSON THOMAS, of that place, to Miss ELIZA SMITH, of Princeton, (N.J.)

On Sunday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. JAMES GILL, to Miss JANE GUTHRIE, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. DAVID BROWN, to Mrs. HANNAH BUSH, both of this city.

* * For Miss NANCY M'DONALD, to Mr. ANDERSON, in our last, read Miss NANCY MONTANYE.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From May the 1st to the 7th.

Days of the Month.	Thermometor observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100		8.	1.	6.
MAY 1	45	75	47	49	NW. do. do.	clear	do.	do.
2	50	25	60	50	W. do. S.	clear	do.	do.
3	51		57	59	SE. do. do.	clear	do.	do.
4	52		59	50	SE. do. do.	cloudy	clear	do.
5	51		57	53	SE. do. do.	cloudy	do.	do.
6	56		60	50	SE. E. do.	cloudy	do.	rain
7	55	25	54	54	NE. do. SE.	little rain	cloudy.	do.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The following EPITAPH is taken from a Cemetery in Poughkeepsie, and is said to be written by a citizen of New-York.

HERE, call'd from labour to repose,
A weary MASON resting lies,
'Till the last awful trumpet blows,
And bids each human atom rise.

Then shall the sons of truth and light,
Whose sign is FAITH, whose token LOVE,
Receive the WORD! then wing their flight,
And join the LODGE of saints above.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

IF e'er I'm doom'd the marriage bands to wear,
(Kind Heaven, propitious, hear a virgin's pray'r)
May the blest man I'm destin'd to obey,
Still kindly govern by his gentle sway;
May his good sense improve my better thoughts,
May his good-nature smile on all my faults;
May he take vice to be his mortal foe;
May ev'ry virtue his best friendship know;
Still let me find, possess'd of the dear youth,
The best of manners, and sincerest truth;
Unblemish'd be his honour and his fame,
And let his actions merit his good name.
I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,
For troubles often on the wealthy wait.
Be this my fate, if e'er I'm made a wife,
Or keep me happy in a single life!

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

(Concluded from page 358.)

"**T**HEN haste, my love, escape away,
 "And for thyself provide ;
 "And sometimes fondly think on her,
 "Who should have been thy bride,"

Then pouring comfort on my soul
 Even with her latest breath,
 She gave one parting fond embrace,
 And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay :
 Then sudden all in frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste
 I seiz'd the bloody brand* :
 A sturdy arm here interpos'd
 And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd that from the castle came,
 Had miss'd their lovely ward ;
 And seizing me to prison bare,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
 Lord PERCY had us soon exchange'd,
 And strove to sooth my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains,
 To England were convey'd ;
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
 And oft to end it fought ;
 Till time, and thought, and holy men
 Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows :
 They taught me to despise the world,
 And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
 Vain hope, and fordid care ;
 I meekly vowed to spend my life
 In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
 Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
 But poor and humble Benedict,
 Now lowly, patient, mild :

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
 And sacred altars raise ;
 And here a lonely Anchorite
 I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
 These rocks and hanging grove ;
 For oft beside this murmuring stream
 My love was wont to rove.

* i. e. Sword.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
 This blest retreat he gave :
 And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
 And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
 My life I've lingered here ;
 And daily o'er this sculptured saint
 I drop the pensive tear.

And thou dear brother of my heart,
 So faithful and so true,
 The sad remembrance of thy fate
 Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
 Forgiven, or forgot,
 The PERCY and his noble son
 Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
 And cumbrous pomp of power,
 Would gladly seek my little cell
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
 I live to mourn his fall :
 I live to mourn his Godlike Son,*
 Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
 Lov'd youth shalt now restore ;
 And raise again the PERCY name
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
 They ask the good old sire ;
 And guided by his sage advice
 To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At RABY's stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her nephew's throne
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame :
 Nine noble sons to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

* Hotspur.

† King Henry V. A. D. 1414.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

GO spotless honour and unfeigned truth,
 Go smiling innocence and blooming youth,
 Go female sweetness join'd with manly sense,
 Go winning wit that never gave offence ;
 Go soft humanity that blest the poor,
 Go saintly'd patience from affliction's door,
 Go modesty that never wore a frown,
 Go virtue and receive a heavenly crown.